

Animaldom

The Ogre

There once was a wicked Wolf Ogre,
A terrible sight to see,
With One big Eye in his forehead,
And as bad as an Ogre could be.

Inside of a dark, gruesome Castle
This horrid old Thing had his lair;
Perched high on a steep, rocky pillar,
A mile or so up in the air.

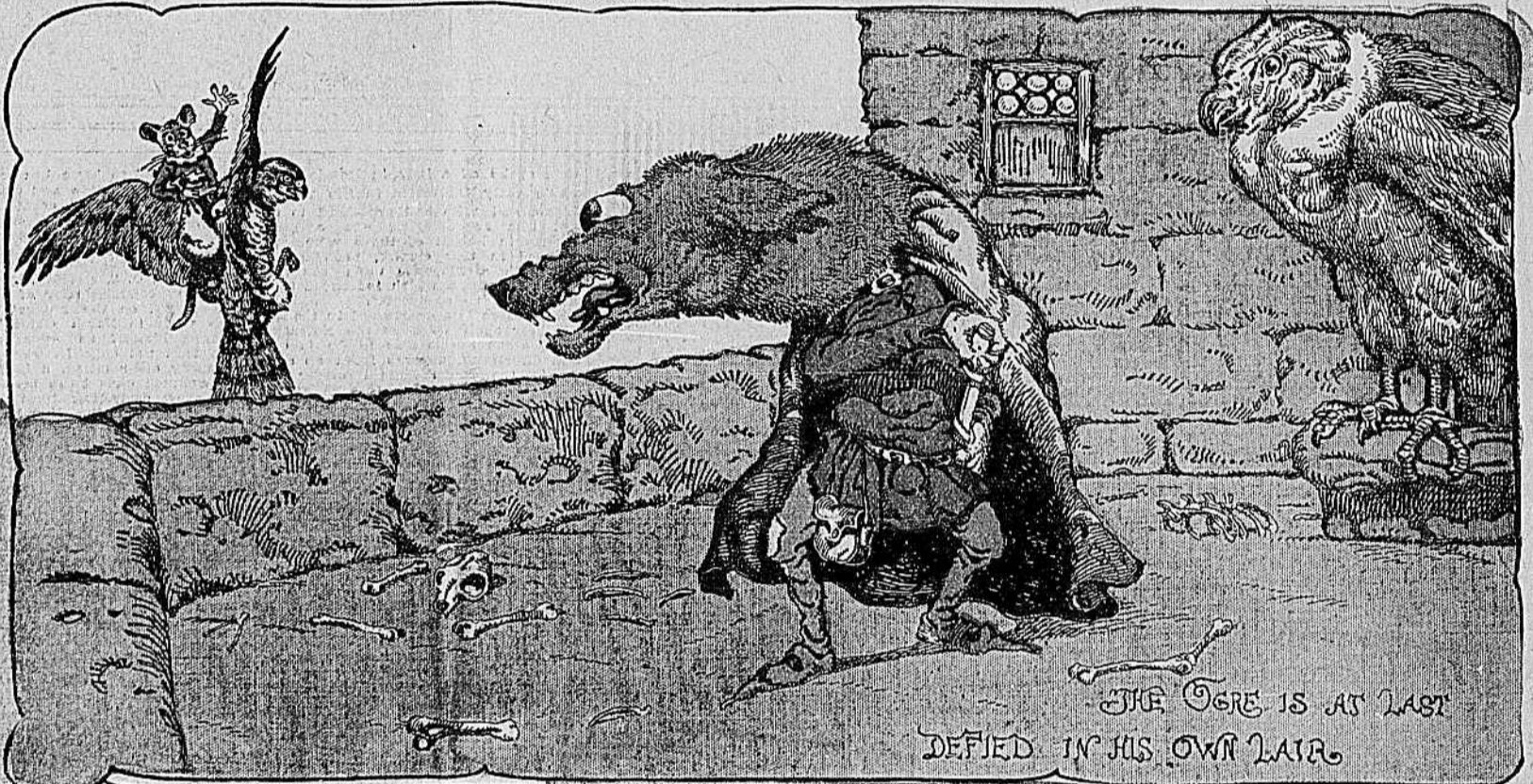
Astride of a giant old Vulture,
He'd sail through the clouds, out of sight,
And, swooping on village or hamlet,
He'd gobble a Beastie each night.

The Duke of that country had offered
A ransom quite fit for a King
To any bold Knight who would bring him
The head of that horrible Thing.

And many a brave Knight had tried it,
Yet had to give up in despair;
For now could they climb to his stronghold,
Or battle with him in the air?

Now, a game little Hawk and a Mouse
Declared that they never would rest
Till they'd given the great Ogre battle
And delivered the land from that Pest.

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THE OGRE IS AT LAST
DEFIED IN HIS OWN LAIR.

Then the rest of them laughed and derided,
And they scoffed and they joked and they rallied,
And said their conceit was tremendous
When the best of the Knights had all failed.

But the Mouse showed a sack that he carried,
And said he was fixed for the fight;
Then, clambering up on the Hawk's back,
He strapped himself on good and tight.

They flew to the home of the Ogre
And circled about in the air,
While the Monster just bellowed and thundered
And raged at the impudent Pair.

He mounted his giant old Vulture
And charged; but he got a surprise—
The Hawk only dodged, while the Rider
Just emptied the sack in their eyes.

'Twas full of Red Pepper—and Goodness!
The Bird turned a flip-flop complete;
The pain of it all drove them frantic,
And the Ogre was thrown from his seat.

Zip, zing, whizz! He clawed down through the air,
And straight for the ground he set sail;
He fetched up with a horrible crash
As dead as a tenpenny nail.

And Oh, dear me, what an Ovation
The Pair got on reaching the ground;
For the very same crowd that had jeered them
Now applauded them, round after round.

Where Great Ones have failed, if YOU try it
They'll call you a Fool; none the less,
If you win they'll all say you're a Hero,
For nothing Succeeds like Success!

J. J. MORA.

THE
HORRID
OGRE'S
CASTLE



THE MOUSE EMPTIES
THE SACK IN THEIR EYES